The COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XXXVI *July 17, 1942* NUMBER 13

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THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index* and *Catholic Bookman.*

Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York
Annual Subscription: U. S. and Canada, $5.00; Foreign, $6.00

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Hate

FOR A month or more some nooks and crannies in American magazines and newspapers have been devoted to discussion of the question of hate. Is it a necessary or desirable ingredient in the recipe we are all seeking for winning the war? Generally speaking the debate has been conducted on a strange and artificial level. It assumes that the hate we should have (or not have) is to be directed only against the "Japanazis" or their works. It is based on the dubious proposition that you can direct men's hates against specific groups and peoples and nations and things and that the whole process will stop short right there.

The trouble with hate as a political instrument is the same trouble as arises from the use of almost any strong emotion for a political purpose. Strong emotions are not like water faucets; you can turn them on easily enough; it is a terrible job to turn them off. Luckily the people of the United States and the British Commonwealth have been fairly inoculated against emotional viruses by the unhappy hangovers of the last war and the "peace" that followed it. We saw what induced hate could do to honest and patriotic and worthy German-Americans; we saw what it could work in the minds of reasonable citizens. And we did not like it. There is always the danger that an inoculation may not prove effective, and now, while there is yet time, we should all reflect a little on the nature of this human and devastating emotion.

Hate can spring from a number of causes. It can be produced most violently of all in men who feel themselves and know themselves to have been personally despoiled or injured or treated with gross injustice by an enemy. Such hatred, even though no excuse can be found for it in Christian doctrine, is understandable and so natural that to believe it can be curbed in the general mass of a people is to expect men to be angels. Such is the immediate, flaming, blind hate which we may expect to see endure for many long years in Central Europe and in Holland and Belgium and France. Then there is the hatred induced by envy, or merely by resentment at social differences between groups. Such is the feeling which still exists in some old stock Americans against the Irish. Such is the hatred associated with the more violent forms of anti-Semitism. Such is the attitude which so widely subsists among white Americans toward Negro Americans, among white Westerners toward Chinese and Japanese. Yet another kind of hate is that which is induced in men's minds by a nationalistic reaction against the exterior enemies of the State. Now it is easy enough to separate these various kinds of hatred in the calm atmosphere of one's study. The trouble is that in life they overlap and blend and nourish each other. For hate is at base a pleasant, a pleasurable thing. When you violently hate someone or some thing you experience pleasure. And unlike most pleasures, this one is dangerous even in moderation. For once you have acquired the habit of this pleasure, it is very difficult to avoid its exercise. Perhaps to win a war against a totalitarian enemy, hatred is necessary. Let us, however, remember the awful train of consequences which can spring from a nation's blessing this most wayward and insinuating of the emotions.

Sugar Rationing—a Lesson

EDUCATION has to be paid for, and if we are wise we will put down the current national headache over sugar rationing under that caption in the budget, and try to learn as much as possible from it to apply to cognate cases. There is no need to rehearse here the main difficulties in emergency rationing. The body responsible for making the decisions of amounts, times and methods of allotment has to balance the claims of the citizen—not so much his mere convenience as his right not to be economically bedeviled or perhaps ruined outright by his government—against the national need which the rationing measure is designed to meet. Yet it is the nature of most emergencies that they do not shape their demands or time their striking to suit the program of date-gathering commissions. Sugar was

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our first commodity to be rationed, which means that all the intrinsic difficulties were aggravated by our general greenness. It is back in the news again as the piled-up surpluses necessitate an expansion of rations everywhere. The OPA is doubling the individual allotment for the month, raising that of restaurants and hotels 50 percent and that of industrial users 15 percent. It is said, moreover, that even these notably generous measures will not wipe out the cumulative results of rationing thus far. Some expert estimates (non-official) give the present stock as equal to last year's abnormally large stock for the same date; the rationing board says it is one-third less. But no one denies that it is high, or that the amount of import sugar knocking for admission exceeds estimates—by some calculations, the excess is nearly two million tons. It all recalls the early exasperated debates about the whole measure of sugar rationing: the assertions that it was economically unnecessary, that it was being done as a sort of rationing drill, a measure of psychological conditioning to help us meet the shape of things to come. Whatever the truth, the margin between what has been done and successful rationing is wide. It can only be hoped—to repeat our opening aspiration—that we have learned thereby a few things not to do; though a certain deliberate resoluteness is needed to write these words with the noises of the gasoline jangle still heavily peopling the air.

Alarming . . .

SOME WHILE AGO the *Catholic Daily Tribune* of Dubuque, Iowa, ceased publication. For over twenty years this paper had struggled to maintain its proud boast—"The First and Only Catholic Daily in America." Finally the struggle became too hard, and today American Catholics have no English daily whatever.

It would be foolish to maintain that at any time the *Catholic Daily Tribune* achieved a standard of journalism equivalent, say, to *The Christian Science Monitor,* or to the dreams which have been entertained by so many hopeful Catholic journalists. It never had the financial backing necessary to any such achievement. As far as we can discover, its circulation never exceeded 25,000 copies, and one had only to look at it to see visibly displayed the poverty under which it struggled. The result was no outstanding credit to the American Church, although many excellent articles and departments from time to time were given space in the *Tribune's* columns. Yet despite its editorial and typographic deficiencies, the *Tribune* deserved our praise for persevering in a hard task others merely talked about, never attempted. The sad thing was that the vast majority of American Catholics lived in blissful ignorance that such a thing as the *Daily Tribune* even existed, and many a fond dreamer of that entrancing dream, a Catholic daily, suffered a rude shock when told that such a paper already existed.

Since THE COMMONWEAL did not feel that it could greatly praise the *Tribune,* at the time of its demise we kept silent concerning this unhappy event. But the callous comments in this connection of Monsignor Matthew Smith of the Denver *Register* chain, especially since they have a few words of comfort for us, make it imperative that we say something. Said Monsignor Smith: "Privately owned Catholic publications are on their way out because the clergy and laity refuse to make any private business rich. The Catholic press of America is growing so big it must be Church-controlled, although there will always be room for privately owned smaller reviews, such as THE COMMONWEAL." The implications in this statement are extremely serious. They amount to this. Laymen will be encouraged to run Catholic papers as long as those papers make no money. The minute they do, then the official Church, in the sense of the organized clergy of a given diocese, must take the papers over so that the diocese can enjoy the profits which thereafter may accrue. This strange principle, for which it is difficult to find any justification either in faith or morals, not only must on occasion sin against justice, it can produce a situation which almost every Catholic would upon reflection deplore. There is little doubt, generally speaking, that an officially owned diocesan press, while useful in its own province, is unlikely to achieve the freedom and interest possible to a lay-owned press. The operation of a perfectly proper prudence is likely to make an official press vastly less bold, more mediocre than a press which cannot take advantage of its official position to secure financial support. Naturally there are exceptions to this as there are to all general statements in the field of practical affairs. Several papers belonging to dioceses are outstanding for taking a strong policy and stimulating discussion, and a number of "commercially" owned papers are notorious for their prudent dullness. But in the long run, official diocesan organs are more likely to fulfill the proper and necessary function of dispensing strictly ecclesiastical news, whereas papers operated for profit are more likely to try to attract readers and advertisers by having something stimulating to say. Of course both functions are good; they should not be subject to the criterion Monsignor Smith announces.

One often hears laments for the more outspoken Catholic papers of former years, and the readiest criticism directed against Catholic papers today is that they are dull and therefore not read and therefore ineffective. However notable may be the existing exceptions to this general situation, certainly the direction indicated by Monsignor Smith will never lead to a remedy of what is at present so clearly and sadly wrong.

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Italians

THE RACING CARS came down the hill to the Ponte Milvio, braked and stopped. There were two men in each car and they took turns driving. At Ponte Milvio the man who was not driving reached out his card and an official with an arm band stamped it and the car was already moving again and the driver shifted into second, pulled the car into the turn left of the sand bags and fence and you heard him shift again as he went off into the night. That was the Mille Miglia road race from Brescia to Rome and back again, through the cities, over the hills, through Florence to Rome and over the hills to the Adriatic, and through the night with the headlights wired against stones, and up the coast of the Adriatic, and through Bologna and across the valley of the Po to the finish at Brescia. A thousand miles through cities and over mountains at an average of seventy miles an hour. The Alfa Romeos, the Lancias, the Maseratis, one year the stubborn little M.G.'s with their British drivers, one year the special Fords that did not hold the turns. I stood with Anna, and Lelio put up his hand to us as he left the Ponte Milvio control and went on into the night. One car came after another and the crowd stood there in the night back of the sand bags and then we went back to the Corso and sat at Aragno's and waited for the radio bulletins.

All that was long before the war and it was only an automobile race but we are cut off from the Italians now and it is only through memory that we can know that we have friends there and that the men who could drive a race like the Mille Miglia are not likely to have turned into cowards since.

The men of one country after another in Europe are slipping out of our minds. Their reality is lost to us. They are defined to us in the atlas of the war as the Papuans were defined to us in the atlas of our school days. Somebody tells us what these unknown, these distant peoples are like. On the maps men made before the world was explored the empty spaces would bear a Latin indication: *hic sunt leones,* here are one-legged men, here are centaurs. We are reaching the point where we say here are the French, here are the Germans, here are the Italians and all the peacetime experience we had of men and women is dismissed and we people the map of the world with nations and not with men and women and there will be no more men and women to speak to.

I want to make this simple. I am not arguing. I am not saying the Italians are all wonderful, all heroes, all anti-fascists. The idea is not just to say the opposite of what the newspapers say, the idea is not to tell nice stories about the Italians instead of dirty and cruel stories about the Italians. The idea simply is that we are living in a dream in which Italians along with all the other peoples of Europe are slipping away from us, retreating into statistics, retreating into the images of a child's atlas, but that while this nightmare of pursuit and loss continues in growing automatism we are not entirely imprisoned within it. We can escape through memory and we can direct our imagination. We can break down these impersonal blocks of the European nations and give life again to the persons which they conceal. We can recall the absent whom we have allowed to be driven from our hearts and minds. We can recreate the fraternal reality of the world.

To do this it is necessary to acquire an almost physical sense of the reality from which we are separated. We must re-invent in our minds the Italian cities, the Italian fields and roads. It is in these cities and over the countryside that live our enemies, our brothers. It might be a good time to use our museums of art. Stand before this painting of Venice: there is a church on a small island of the lagoon; a rowboat is drawn up on the beach and a man is at work mending it; in the distance is Saint Mark's. Here is one Italian who can do you no harm if he lives in your mind. It might be a good time to read the Italian novelists, the Italian poets. It might be a good time to read Italian history. For this is not a war of extermination and those people we intend to liberate in Europe, it might be a good time to save them in our minds, now. For when the war is over we will otherwise find no men but strangers. Not even enemies any longer, only strangers. A whole continent of strangers.

We are fighting a civil war to prevent secession. We are fighting to keep a great part of our world from cutting itself away from us and from all that we believe. If we did not care where the Europeans went, where the Germans and the Italians went, if we did not care whether or not they left us, we would not be fighting this war. If we had not cared whether or not the South made a world of its own, we would not have fought our Civil War. But if while we are fighting the war we admit the secession, we will indeed create it ourselves in a deep and irrevocable manner. If while we were fighting our Civil War Lincoln had lost, and had permitted us to lose, his immense assurance and certainty that Americans of the North and of the South could not permanently be alien to each other, then, no matter what the outcome of that war, American unity was lost.

It might be a good time to read guide books and the Italian Baedeker so that when we can walk in Italy again we may know what street leads where. It might be a good time to keep friendship alive so that we may be able to speak again one day with men.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Revolution in Britain

What has been happening on the managerial front.

By **J. L. Benvenisti**

I HAVE much pleasure in announcing that Britain is at this moment in the throes of a revolution. What with the many other calls upon their time, there is every excuse for the various correspondents omitting to notice a little thing like that, particularly as the revolution has not only been bloodless, but also relatively noiseless. But the fact is that one of those slight shifts has occurred in the balance of forces which just turn the scale, or, to use what is perhaps a more exact metaphor, that slight movement has taken place which just shifts the pieces in the sociological kaleidoscope and so makes the ground plan of a new kind of civilization.

I should like to call this new chapter that is opening the age of the common good. I do not mean by this that there has been some moral or spiritual conversion, but rather a change of values and point of view, which may ultimately bring about the enshrinement of this conception of the common good as a governing principle of commercial law.

There are a number of pointers which show the direction in which things are tending. It is now nearly a year since we saw the introduction of joint production committees in our factories. The function of these bodies, which consist of representatives of workers and management, was at first not wholly understood, and many people actually looked on them as mere pieces of bargaining machinery. But their express and publicized purpose was wholly different. It was a double one: first to provide a channel through which suggestions from workers for the improvements in production could be put forward and secondly, to provide a means of letting the management's difficulties be known and giving the explanation of any possible hitches or stoppages. But the real effect tended to be wider. The worker was given a new share of responsibility. He was made to feel more vividly what he was working for and how he fitted into a reasoned and purposive scheme.

In achieving all this and so harnessing the worker's whole will and energy to the common effort these committees have been enormously successful. But they have succeeded because this idea of a social purpose has always appealed to the worker, and precisely because his instincts and ideas were already set in that direction, he has become increasingly intolerant of anything that did not clearly and explicitly fit into it.

Profits

It is no good disguising the fact that for a long time profits and profit making have been suspect to the British working class. This is not anything so simple as social envy. It derives from the fact that the profit-earner can no longer supply a wholly satisfactory answer to the question "What do these payments *do?* What are they *for?*" A recent two hundred thousand word report on war production issued by Mass Observation, our most important organization for analyzing popular trends of thought, gives ample confirmation of this:

> The employer's and company's profit motive is not, of course, based on public support but on other historic and political principles . . .
>
> Wherever ordinary people hold decided views about industrialists and the profit system, these opinions are predominantly antagonistic . . .
>
> It is very difficult to see how such a spirit [a spirit of enthusiasm] can be obtained so long as the average worker is working for the average employer, and the average management is concerned with the interests of the average shareholder. This is not a question just of economics if indeed it is a question of economics at all. It is a question of psychology and symbolism. It is hard for people to feel that they are working for anything else but the boss.

Yet I think it is easy to misunderstand this attitude. The real animus is probably less against profits or unearned income as such, for the worker often has his little share in that; rather is it against the irresponsibility in their making. Profits are merely the morally neutral symbol of an attitude against which the worker is becoming increasingly hostile.

It must moreover be admitted that a not wholly dissimilar attitude is taking place in the higher ranks of business management. The truth is that the great and growing class of trained professional managers are as heartily sick of rugged individualism as anybody else. They are men who have always been more interested in their jobs than in putting money into stockholders' pockets, though their jobs have, of course, to some extent depended on their ability to do this. But circumstances are changing. With the pres-

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ent rate of taxation money is simply no longer worth making and stockholders are becoming even more apathetic than they were before the war. Moreover good men are hard to find and the professional manager has during the last two years gained enormously in status and security.

The managers

These men feel themselves more and more to be the servants of the community and not of the stockholders, and are so satisfied with that position that they will certainly never go back to the old relationship. I have myself talked to a great number of them and can testify to the strength of that feeling. It comes out in the work of new "Mutual Aid Groups" of manufacturers, which were originally small organizations of local firms, fostered by the government, for the exchange of cutting tools and the like, but which have now turned into clearing centers for every kind of information. I know for a fact that manufacturers, who were previously rivals, are giving every kind of help to each other—even to the point of opening their cost books. I asked one of them recently whether he thought this kind of thing would last after the war. He said it most certainly would. He said the day had passed when business men had nothing better to do than cut each other's throats. They wanted a living wage for their work like anybody else, but, given that, they asked for nothing better than to help each other serve the country. He said this to me quite simply and sincerely and I am convinced there are tens of thousands of the same way of thinking.

Now the point is that this new attitude is beginning to be reflected in the very last quarter that you would expect. It is affecting not only the world of manufacture but that of finance. At least, it is affecting those who may be regarded as the thinking and vocal part of this world, the great journals that are supposed to voice the view of the investor and the company director, and perhaps most remarkable of all that of the professional accountant.

Financial press

The very eminent men who conduct these organs, which—at least to my view—stand at the very summit of British journalism were not slow to see what was afoot. It was the whole question of the status of the company director and of his future function. In British law (and I understand that in American law the conception of the director of a corporation is much the same) the company director is the trustee of the stockholders. His sole duty is to advance their interest and work for their advantage. He has no other obligation. This conception is logically followed out in all the regulations concerning public companies which in Britain are extremely strict. Companies are compelled by law to have their accounts audited and a copy must be deposited with the authorities where it is open for anybody's inspection. But the sole purpose of the regulations governing this matter is to ensure that stockholders are not defrauded. They must be given a correct statement of the actual amount of the profit earned and of the manner of its appropriation, and, in the balance sheet, a correct statement of their assets and liabilities. How that profit has been earned the company and its auditors need not disclose. That concerns nobody but the management.

Now that conception has suddenly been challenged. At the beginning of the year four very remarkable articles appeared in *The Accountant* (the professional organ of the auditor) under the very pedestrian title "The Future of Auditing." They were subsequently reprinted by one of the two great financial dailies, *The Financial News*. The gist of the four articles was roughly this, that in an era of expansion the interpretation of laissez faire individualism fitted the facts with a sufficient degree of accuracy to be accepted as a working principle. The profit motive was assumed to guarantee an optimum use of means.

Today, with expansion slowing down, profits are more difficult to make, and when they do get made, they may originate elsewhere than in an increment of the general wealth. They may merely reflect the sellers' control over prices either through monopolistic power, or through wasteful sales-promotion and the like. Further, mounting taxation and death duties together with the depersonalization of business produce an increasing tendency to take the "short view." The desire is to make profits by any means and make them quickly.

"Company law," the articles point out, "has been so framed that it is possible for men to make what they can while the going is good and escape responsibility altogether for their actions by the simple means of selling out at the right time and leaving others to deal with the consequences."

Profits therefore tend to be less and less of an index either of efficiency or of the socially desirable use of means and all this leads to the conclusion that vital social interests are being jeopardized and have a right to protection. The authors therefore conclude that the auditor of the future must be a kind of policeman of business, his job being to determine whether human and material resources are being used in a manner most likely to advance the common good.

In the words of one of the articles: "Society would appear to need the services of a body of professional men, persons of professional standing, who are skilled in industrial and business problems, to audit every individual unit of indus-

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trial activity above a certain size for the threefold purpose of verifying its financial condition, of seeing that it is not being conducted ineffectively and of ensuring that its activities are not socially undesirable."

A new conception

Space forbids me here to go into the details of how this conception is to be realized. The important thing is the conception itself and the fact that it should be found in such a quarter. It is also relevant to add that the idea of what is or is not socially desirable is not interpreted in any narrow, materialistic sense. The authors* realize that "the question cannot be answered simply in terms of gain or monetary advantage but only against the background of ultimate human satisfactions." These words are, I repeat, not the utterances of some cloistered visionary, but of hard-headed business technicians.

A related but perhaps even more important indication of this new but exceedingly strong trend of ideas concerns the publication of company accounts. The agitation for the publication of greater detail in company accounts is a pretty old one. So far, however, it has been entirely concerned with the safeguarding of the interest and rights of stockholders. Today, however, this has quite suddenly changed. I cannot do better than quote from *The Financial News*:

> The urge towards fuller disclosure is really part of a much wider movement for the closer identification of the affairs of industry with national interest and control. The day when it could be maintained that the policy followed by any important company in matters like output, selling price and profits was the concern merely of its own directors and shareholders, has gone and may never return. The view that workers, consumers, the Government and the entire community are beneficially interested, and must have an effective say in all these questions, is not limited to any one party at Westminster.

A few days later the paper followed its ideas to their logical conclusion. Referring to the principles which will obtain after the war it wrote:

> Quite apart from the cranks, axe-grinders and political organists, who either hate business or think it should be run by angels, there is a clear consensus of opinion that its ultimate interest will have to be the national interest. There will be a definite element of trusteeship about the effort to make profits in every trade from costermongering to large-scale production of steel, food and transport.

This, the paper continued, implied the maximum publicity

> necessary for an appraisal of the way in which the national stewardship had been performed . . . Once the principle of full-blooded disclosure has been adopted, there is no escaping the necessity for going behind even gross profits and showing at least the main constituent items which have gone to the making up of the earnings figures. . . . Any such suggestion brings us up sharply against customs and prejudices which years of experience have ingrained in the minds of most boards. . . . But public interest is a hard driver. It may demand disclosure of total receipts from every quarter, arranged under a variety of items according to the nature of the company's trading or products. It may, similarly, call for publication of expenses, under a detailed and lengthy list of headings, including not only different kinds of overhead charges (which are sometimes given now), but also figures of material costs and wages costs (which seldom are).

Is the word *revolutionary* too strong when such a proposal appears in such a paper? I do not think so. I say quite definitely that we have come to the end of an epoch over here, and are entering a new one in which formal recognition has been given to the primacy of the common good, and in which all men recognize themselves and are recognized as being first the servants of that good, and as having to justify their action accordingly.

It is my belief that if, as I think they are, men's minds are ready to accept these ideas, we may have hit on a technique of social integration the results of which may go beyond the wildest dreams of the social reformer. I say this quite soberly and sincerely and not without a touch of pardonable pride in the pioneer work that is being done in this matter.

*The authorship of these articles was anonymous, but they were stated to be the joint production of a number of professional accountants who had got together to examine what contribution their profession had to make towards the solution of post-war problems.

South Beach

If one should come here in a hundred years
The sand would shelve as innocently down as now.
Scar of a reckless keel,
Or print of running feet smooth easily
And soon, as the waves break.
On a calm day
The amber tide-slope is precisely traced
By sandpipers, and ribboned with kelp.
The pale studs of half-embedded stones
Look permanently spaced, and hard as gems,
But water washes them over
Like a shadow.
Sometimes the glittering summer makes a blaze
Of sound and sun-gold, wind and flashing surf,
But at night even the sea
Is leveled in the moon.
The last foaming flank of a wave
Under that white light falls with a soft crash;
Bubbles crystallize on the surface and break.
Fragile white shells! Oh do not gather them,
These lovely, thin transparent flakes;
Borne by the heavy sea they still can bear
No human touch.
No human order even may exist
In this eternal tide, nor trivial variety
Disturb its flow. Wreckage and driftwood
Are but material for deepening sand
And a voice, calling, ravels in the foam.

MARION LINEAWEAVER.

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White Collar Workers in Europe

An account of their organizations and politics.

By **Heinz Soffner**

WHITE COLLAR unionization in America has made some progress in recent years. Unions have gained footholds in department stores and insurance companies, in government offices and newspaper rooms. But an overwhelming majority is still aloof from the labor movement. How will war and post-war conditions—rapid mass shifts between private enterprise and government service, between consumers' goods production or trade and war industries, the increasing rôle of white collar labor in reorganizing, regulating and planning—affect them?

A conference of the American Management Association, held last October in New York, stated management's worries about the white collar issue. Other people predict progressing unionization of white collar workers and their growing share in the labor movement (see, for instance, *America,* April 18, 1942), although Mr. Storie, vice-president of the San Francisco Employers Council, asserts (in *Personnel,* January, 1942) that most labor leaders, fearing that white collar workers "might capture leadership and rearrange the shape of unionism," are not enthusiastic about bringing them into the labor movement.

It seems worth while, therefore, to look at the white collar worker situation problem in Europe, where it became a major headache long ago. There, a strong rift between manual and white collar workers, almost as old as modern industrialism, has been promoted by governments and by employers. While the manual workers in all European countries had to fight hard for every bit of protective legislation, the white collar workers got many concessions without much fighting.

The most significant discrimination was made in old age insurance—between the factory worker, compelled to work until his death, or to depend either upon his children or upon public charity, and the white collar worker, supposed to belong to the middle class and therefore entitled to some kind of security for the evening of his life. As early as 1906, the Austrian Parliament adopted the old age pensions law for salaried employees and in 1911, the German Reichstag voted a similar law. At the same time, important groups of employers, notably banks, insurance companies and some of the major industrial concerns, granted their white collar employees compensation in case of sickness, long notice periods (up to six months) even hearings prior to discharge, thus assimilating them somewhat to the status of civil servants. The German term for these employees is therefore *Privatbeamte* ("private civil servants").

The manual worker received weekly "wages," the white collar worker a monthly "salary." The average manual worker was the son of a manual worker and did not usually expect to reach a higher walk of life. The white collar worker was in most cases not the child of a white collar worker; even if he did not actually succeed in climbing higher on the social ladder, he did not give up his hope and his moral claim. Accordingly organizations of white collar workers started originally either as strictly professional groups or as mutual assistance societies and were frequently common to employers and employees. Even union-like white collar groups differed thoroughly from labor unions both in their methods and in their philosophy.

The first white collar worker unions to be affiliated with the labor movement were groups of commercial clerks: their working conditions, hours and wages, were much worse than those of other white collar groups and they had no managerial functions like engineers and overseers in industrial plants. Thus, the *Zentralverein der kaufmännischen Angestellten* (Central Association of Commercial Clerks) in Austria was founded in 1892 and the *Zentralverband der Handlungsgehilfen und gehilfinnen* (Federation of Men and Women Shop Assistants) in Germany was established in 1897.

During and after World War I, white collar workers increased momentously both in numbers and in social weight. According to the International Labor Office, the number of non-manual workers per 100 wage earners was:

	1905-11	1919-25	1929-34
Germany	27.1	36.5	36.9
France	26.8	30.8	33.1
Switzerland	22.5	27.2	31.0

This influx of millions into white collar jobs was primarily an influx of women. In France, for instance, 20.2 out of 100 white collar workers were women in 1906, but 46.5 in 1921 and 54.5 in 1931. In Germany, the women's share increased in the

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same time from 18.2 to 37.5 and 44.5. During the same period, due to the general stagnation of Europe's economic life, the numbers of manual workers increased but slowly.

Reasons for growth

This extraordinary growth of the white collar workers had three main reasons. First, the expansion of public management and administrative bureaucracy. Second, the rationalization (the "second industrial revolution"), shifting a major part of the production process from the assembly lines into designing rooms, planning and calculating offices, etc. Third, the growing bureaucratization of business, mainly due to the transition from individual ownership and free competition to a *régime* of anonymous shareholders, represented by salaried executives, aiming at monopolization and exclusion of risk.

Bureaucracy and red tape increased also in governments, national and local administrations, in political parties, in economic and social movements.

All this seemed at first to lead to an ever closer community of interests between white collar and manual workers. This was particularly emphasized by the common long-term fate of both in mass unemployment. The number of unemployed white collar workers in Germany attained a maximum of 875,000 in the crisis of 1933—that is, 21.7 percent of the total employed!

The changed status of the white collar workers also caused a general lowering of their wages, attempts of some employers to pay certain categories (typists, office machine operators) on an hourly or piecework basis, and the virtual disappearance of any hope for future independence.

Closer affiliation with the labor movement would have appeared to be the obvious consequence. It took place, however, only to a limited degree. Most of those who filled the hundreds of thousands of new white collar jobs after World World I were either "declassed" middle class people, discharged army officers, bankrupt business men, or the sons—and particularly the daughters—of these people, who could not hope to attain again the social status of their parents.

Relation to organized labor was especially ticklish where the white collar worker faced organized labor as his employer: in all labor-controlled governmental administrations and public enterprises like railroads, in consumers' cooperatives, social insurance institutions and the like. Hundreds of thousands of employees in most European countries were in that condition. Conflicts between white collar workers and their labor-employers arose with particular bitterness as the heavy economic depression resulted everywhere in mass lay-offs, salary reductions and other set-backs.

The defensive, almost conservative strategy of labor (however much in contrast to its progressive or revolutionary political philosophies) became one more reason why the bulk of the white collar workers—partly impressed by the radicalism of the intelligentsia, both right-wing and left-wing—did not align itself with the labor movement.

Nevertheless, there was an impressive rise in white collar worker unions during the first years after 1918 and a huge amount of valuable work was undoubtedly done in a good many fields: legislation, social insurance, unemployment relief, collective bargaining, legal protection and advice, union relief funds, educational work. But even their best achievements were greatly minimized by the fact that only a small minority of the white collar workers was ever unionized.

What the unions amounted to

There were organized majorities of them in the big cities, in the large department stores and offices of Berlin, Paris and Vienna, in the offices of some industrial concerns, in many public administrations. But this was only a fraction out of the millions. According to the International Labor Office (1940 yearbook) there were 11,563,000 salaried employees in the six main industrial countries of the European continent alone (Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, Sweden and Czechoslovakia). But the International Federation of Commercial, Clerical and Technical Employees, before Hitler's rise to power, in 20 countries had only 880,000 members. Even if we add the membership of the International Federation of Christian Associations of Salaried Employees—8 associations with 484,000 members and the International Federation of Independent Associations of Salaried Employees—11 associations with 345,000 members—it was still a small minority.

In Germany, about 12 percent of the white collar workers (14 unions with 428,000 members) belonged to free trade unions; 14 nationalist unions counted 411,000 members and two independent (democratic) unions aggregated 314,000 members. There existed also 65 company unions and similar outfits, with 282,000 members. This left more than 2 million white collar workers in Germany alone unaccounted for.

Moreover there were tangible differences between the "free" white collar worker unions which belonged to the labor movement and the trade unions of manual workers. In certain cases, there were political differences: most manual worker unions consisted of socialists; the leaders of most of the "free" white collar worker unions were socialists, too, but their membership was, especially among the higher strata of engineers, bank officers, etc., and outside of the big cities and

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the well unionized industrial areas, to a large degree not socialist at all.

There were also fundamental differences in tactics and methods. The manual worker unions used to act collectively: through strikes, mass meetings, organizing campaigns, parades. The white collar worker unions used to act individually; most of the tangible advantages to the members were individual too, legal advice, representation through counsel before labor courts or arbitration boards of the social insurance institutes, union relief during unemployment, sickness, etc. These more individualistic methods not only corresponded better to the attitude of the average white collar worker; they were partly necessitated by the fact that many of them were employed in small offices or enterprises and thus little qualified for collective action.

Nazi union

Led by the *Deutschnationale Handlungsgehilfenverband* (DHV—Nationalist Shop Assistants' Association), a good many German white collar workers actively supported Hitler's cause. This powerful organization, founded in 1893, with its closely-knit structure, its intransigent anti-Semitic, nationalistic, corporative (*berufsständische*) and anti-socialist policy, made its members prospective nazis long before the propaganda of the nazi party could reach them. The DHV leaders proclaimed nazi ideas long before the nazi party came to rule Germany. DHV representatives were elected among the Reichstag groups of the Catholic *Zentrum,* of the German People's Party, of the Nationalist Party and, of course, of the nazis, too. DHV leader Stoehr was the first nazi deputy to become vice-president of the Reichstag.

When Hitler came into power and destroyed the free, Christian and democratic unions, the DHV and its leaders at first got the chance of their lives. The Third Reich, with its omnipotence of bureaucracy, with its planning, production and trade controls, etc., augmented the numbers and importance of the white collar workers, quickly absorbing the masses of their unemployed.

When Hitler created the compulsory German Labor Front for the twenty million German wage earners, the DHV people—almost the only nazis with some experience in union work and labor problems—played a major rôle. They advanced not only to key positions in control of all the three and a half million white collar workers in Germany, but were in many instances used to "coordinate" manual workers as well. Albert Forster, since 1928 a director of the DHV and since 1923 a member of the Nazi Party and eventually Hitler's *Gauleiter* in Danzig, was appointed leader of the new *Gesamtverband der deutschen Angestellten* (Supreme Federation of German White Collar Workers) within the framework of the German Labor Front, one of the three "pillars" upon which the Labor Front originally was built up: manual workers—white collar workers—employers.

Soon, however, the inherent dynamism of a totalitarian régime overruled all remnants of autonomous movements—and thus swamped the nazi white collar workers, too. The Labor Front, which at its start kept at least a few appearances of the former unions, was gradually transformed into a mere auxiliary of the nazi war machine. At a leadership meeting of the Labor Front on November 27, 1933, Dr. Ley announced: "According to the will of our leader, Adolf Hitler, the German Labor Front is not the place to decide the material questions of the day-to-day life of the working people or to balance the natural differences of their interests—the sublime goal of the German Labor Front is to educate all working Germans for the National Socialist State!"

In the field of social conditions and labor legislation, too, the white collar workers and the DHV were ill rewarded for the preeminent services rendered to Hitler. Payments of old age pensions were restricted. In a system of militarized economy no place was left for individual rights. Collective agreements were displaced by decrees of the nazi-appointed "Trustees of Labor." Adjustment of individual claims before the labor courts were also rigidly curtailed. This gradual elimination of all white collar worker prerogatives was in keeping with the methodical elimination of the middle classes under the nazi "new order."

Consequently, according to an underground report, submitted in 1938 to the congress of the International Federation of Commercial, Clerical and Technical Employees, "the attitude of non-manual workers towards the nazi régime has changed considerably since 1933." This disenchantment, however, comes too late for comfort; the close interrelationship between white collar labor and fascism (to be found not in Germany alone) deserves our watchful attention as an essential social root of fascism in Europe.

Indian's Way

By BRUCE BROWN

THE HISTORY of America began with the Indians. They are of this continent as are the mountains, hills, buffalo and beavers. The earth and the universe were the Indian's library, and their books were stones, lakes, rivers, the trees, flowers, pastures, the sun, moon, stars. With these they shaped their cultural being and made many contributions to our present civilization.

Paramount, perhaps, among Indian contributions are his techniques of farming. His agricul-

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tural science domesticated and developed several great crops — corn or maize, the white potato, originally grown by the Indians in the Andes, wheat, rice and tobacco. Other less important yet serviceable plants are agave, alligator pear or avocado, arrowroot, the many varieties of kidney and lima beans, cacao, capsicum or chili pepper, cashew nut, cherimoya, coca, cotton, gourds, guava, Jerusalem artichokes, manioc or cassava, maté or Paraguay tea, oca, papaw, peanut, pineapple, prickly or Indian fig, pumpkins, quince, squash, star apple, sweet potato and tomato.

In fact, four-sevenths of the total agricultural production of the United States, measured in farm values, consists of plants domesticated and developed by the Indian and further developed by the white race. The whites on our continents have not reduced to cultivation one single important staple during the four hundred years of American domination.

The first colonies were not permanently established in the New World until the colonists learned how to grow food from the Indians. European methods of farming were not particularly adapted *per se* to American conditions. Out of the union of the American Indian and European farming methods the food problem was solved and thus began American agriculture.

The modern farm is in many ways a counterpart of the Indian cornfield. The ground is exposed to sun by girdling trees or killing their roots, and the trunks and stumps are burned for riddance. Grains of corn are planted in hills, three or four feet apart; beans are intermingled with the corn, and pumpkins and squash are planted between the hills. Soil is broken to check weed growth, and to keep it loose and pliable. Scarecrows keep away birds. To facilitate air circulation after harvest, corn is stored in slatted cribs.

Indeed the only important cultivated plant which was cultivated independently in both hemispheres is cotton. The mainstay of today's cotton, however, is a grade grown by the Indians of Mexico: *Gossypium hirsutum*. The world's rubber trade began with small balls with which Indians played.

Of the different common fruits, the blackberry, blueberry, crabapple, cranberry, dewberry, elderberry, grape (not the European or vinifera type), huckleberry, persimmon (native in distinction to the Oriental), plum (native in distinction to the Japanese and European types), red and black raspberry and strawberry were all gathered by the Indian. They were not cultivated because of their natural abundance.

An all-American menu of food produced and cooked in the Indian manner could be as follows:

Cocktail of Virginia oyster, with tomato sauce.
Redpepper chowder of little-neck clams, cooked with tomatoes and green corn, with opossum fat, *or* terrapin stew, made with turtle eggs.
Barbecued shad *à la Indienne* with white potatoes.
Tamales *à la Mexicaine.*
Belle peppers or tomatoes stuffed with wild rice.
Turkey with oyster or native chestnut dressing, cranberry sauce.
Sweet potatoes, string beans, succotash of lima beans and green corn, stewed Jerusalem artichokes.
Corn pone or hoe cake, guava jelly.
Salted peanuts.
Sherbet, passion flower fruit *à la Martinique, or* Cherimoya *à la Peruvienne.*

For the game course: quail, rice birds or canvasback ducks, blackberry or grape jelly.
Avocado salad, dressing of sunflower or hickory nut oil and maple vinegar, and cayenne pepper and salt.
Pineapple tapioca, pumpkin pudding, stewed blueberries, strawberries, grapes, wild plums.
Pecans, Brazil nuts, water chinquapins (or lotus fruit), hickory nuts, pine nuts, hazel nuts, popcorn.
Chocolate, yerba matè or cassine tea.
Cigars and cigarettes.

Many Indian medicines became popular in Europe, among them guaiacum wood, *lignum vitae* and sarsaparilla. Mexican jade was used to cure kidney ailments. Tobacco and copal were first used in Europe as medicines. Cocaine was discovered by the white man through the Indian's utilization of coca leaves for dulling pain. Quinine was first used by the Peruvian Indians and was "discovered" by Jesuits in 1600.

The cochineal, an insect from southern Mexico, was domesticated and grown on the nopal or prickly pear cactus, then used for dye. Anil or American indigo is another important dye from the Indians.

For a time the world forgot the Indian's web of life. It ignored the cultural factors of Indian existence. It denied that Indians had been formed by and, consciously or unconsciously, were living by virtue of social realities complex, subtle, life-moulding, life-sustaining. Commencing in the 1920's the Indian slowly found himself re-admitted to the quality and status of a social man, with a past, present and future of his own. Present government programs are designed to move the Indian toward economic self-support, to restore land to his use and help him conserve it, to speed up the settlement of tribal claims, to establish cultural and religious liberty, to encourage retention of Indian social heritage and culture, and to recruit the most practical and creative personnel for Indian service.

The program is progressing. There is a sensational decline in the Indian death rate. During the past nine years the medical care of Indians has been greatly expanded and improved. Many new hospitals have been built, and old, poorly equipped institutions have been modernized. The fight against tuberculosis, trachoma, and venereal disease has been increasingly effective. We are in a small way paying back a very old debt.

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Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THERE are increasing signs of the growth of interest in the relation of religion to public affairs, even on the part of active, professional politicians, which deserve notice and encouragement and reasonable cooperation with such politicians. This development probably is largely due to the fact that the secular press, long accustomed to paying only superficial attention to religious interests, has become at least partly awake to the fundamental part that religion plays in the forces now struggling for power and for dominance in the world revolution of which the world war is the violent proof. Among such signs of political awakening may be placed a letter and an accompanying newspaper editorial sent to me by a member of the Republican National Committee for the state of Montana, Mr. Dan Whetstone, who also is the publisher of the *Cut Bank Pioneer Press,* Cut Bank, Montana, in which paper there appeared the accompanying editorial.

"You express precisely my view," Mr. Whetstone writes, "when you say: 'the common interests of Catholics, Protestants and Jews in preserving and extending our American system of religious and civic liberty should outweigh the reasons for segregation and separation that have prevailed too largely in the past. [THE COMMONWEAL, June 19.]

"Some time ago I wrote an editorial suggesting an approach of all religious denominations for the purpose of presenting their claims to have a place at the peace table. I expressed the feeling that if such a move were made at this time it would greatly encourage the churchmen of Germany and the other nations now under the German yoke, also the masses who must look to the religious, not the political, leaders to bring their influence in realizing a fair and just peace program.

"The response amazed me. I had letters from important lay and church leaders all over the nation, all in a spirit of enthusiastic approval."

In the editorial which accompanied his letter, Mr. Whetstone, or his editor, gives expression to sentiments of a practical nature, some of which are quoted or summarized below. For what the editorial in this Montana paper, conducted by a practical politician, has to say along practical lines is very important. It is all very well for the press to give space to the views of religious leaders and thinkers: that is all to the good, for so these views are circulated and enter into the current of popular thinking. It is also well that statemen and politicians should repeat or amplify or comment upon such views; but Mr. Whetstone appears to be one of that small school of politicians who desire more than the adornment of their political statements with moral or ethical tags; he and his kind—may their tribe increase!—desire still more strongly to translate these views into realities.

"The thing that is most disturbing at this time," says the editorial, "is the disposition to talk brightly about the form of the peace, by commentators, writers for the serious reviews and influential churchmen, but never to seem to feel that action to translate this talking into doing is important if we are not to see a repetition of what happened at Versailles, when the diplomats played stud poker with each other in an atmosphere poisoned with vengeance and the spirit of territorial spoilism uppermost. The church leaders and the publications that voice their ideas continue to indulge in dreary philosophizing about what caused the present global war and seem wholly barren of ideas about how to realize a permanent peace. When it is suggested that their combined influence—which would be the most powerful single influence in the world if wisely asserted—would have to be listened to respectfully by the officials heads of the nations and their participation hailed by the masses here and in Europe as giving assurance of even justice without too much emphasis on material, mercenary factors, they agree heartily and grant that such a plan is logical and timely. However, any suggestions that are made that they move toward a pooling of this potentially mighty influence are greeted with stony silence. They appear to have no difficulty, regardless of creedal differences, in working together in crusading against indecent literature, against indecent stage and movie productions, against vice conditions in the larger cities and army camps; very worthy activities but surely not of greater importance than a combined effort to stop forever the recurring mass murders that shatter morality in an infinitely greater degree and dig up the roots of civilization itself."

The Montana politician and journalist has something there. Unless our church leaders can combine their forces in this emergency, we seem headed toward sheer disaster.

Communications

ODELL WALLER

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Odell Waller had the real triumph when they executed him. The niceties of justice administered by the highest courts in Virginia and the United States didn't impress his simple mind. But he reached something fundamental in justice, and in the ills of our social order, in an almost illegible scrawl he left to the society that placed him in the electric chair.

Surely, not even the highest legal authorities in the land, who permitted the Negro sharecropper to die for the sake of a technicality, can have the final victory over a soul which had uttered such words.

JOHN BRUBAKER.

EDITORS' NOTE. *Because we do not believe that the full text of Waller's statement will be widely published, we are reproducing it as released by the Workers Defense League.*

I realize I haven't lived so upright in the past with the laws of the Good Lord and with the laws of the land. As my time comes near each second means I am one nearer my grave. I have asked God to forgive me and I feel that he has. One thing you can't make a young person out of an old one and you can't make an old person out of a young one. It takes time and

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expernce (experience). All you people take this under consideration. Have you ever thought about some people are allowed a chance over and over again then there are others are alowed little chance(——) some no chance at all. When a fellow accident (accidentally) falls dont get one (on) him with both feet (——) help him up, and when he is see another ditch he will walk around it an advise others of the place so they can seen it. If you mash him down he cant advise others of the danger. This is Odell Waller speaking & axident (accident) fell an some good people tried to help me.

Others did everything they could against me so the governor & the coats (courts) dont no (know) the true facts. First I will say dont work for a man two (too) poor to pay you. He will steel (steal) and take from you. In my case I worked hard from sun up until sun down trying to make a living for my family an it ended up to mean death for me. When the wheat was threshed I was in Maryland working 7 days a week 10 to 12 hours per day sending money home to pay for harvesting & thrashing the wheat and had told mother to have Robert to bring my share from the machine when it was threshed. Robert hope (helped) measure the wheat an my share was 52 bushels. His wagon was there to move my share. Mr. Davis was too poor to see me have the wheat and wouldn't let Robert cary (carry) to mothers house (——) took it and locked it in his store house. I diten (did not) owe him one penny. I should have gave him the wheat if I had to beg for bread and eat out of other people garbage cans. Now going after the wheat I wasnt thinking of shoting (shooting) Mr. Davis. When I left home I put the gun in the truck and the pistol in my parket (pocket) planing (planning) on gitting out of the truck up at the road coming around the edge of the woods seeing a rabbit or some thing. I told that in cort (court).

Here is how Thomas was at Davis. His father an law (father-in-law) had cut Curtis Williams and was in jail. Curtis lived on the next farm working with a farmer. Thomas said he was going to go over an see Curtis about going to the trial that morning and I will be back an help load the wheat. He got off and went down cross the field to Curtis. I spoke to Mr. Davis & Henry a Negro staying with Davis. They spoke. I told Mr. Davis I come after my share of the wheat. Henry said you cant carry that wheat all on that truck. I said I can make two trips then. Davis spoke you ant (ain't) going to carry that wheat away from here. I told him I diten (did not) see why. I diten owe him any thing. When I said that Davis flue hot (got mad) and began to cursh (curse) about the wheat. Naturly (naturally) I got angry and from one word to another. Davis thrut (thrust) his hand in his pocket in an expct (expect) to draw a gun. If he diten have one he was bluffing. He frightened me. I pulled a gun an begin shoting (shooting) not intending to kill him. I was frightened. I dont noe (know) what become of Henry. I dont no how many times I shot. I thue (threw) the pistol away. I no Davis had a pistol for I have seen it in his parket (pocket). He carried it for his son Edgar. They always had trouble and Davis tried to make Edgar leave so he could take his tobacco crop in 39 (1939). Edgar wouldnt leave. He said I fight dady (daddy) every day before he take my crop. Edgar said after this year he can have the farm so Edgar and Frank Davis both left in 40 (1940). Now here it is a Negro have shot a white man. Thomas Younger was with me. Got off the truck going over to Curtis Williams. Naturly the law got them. They scared like I would have been or any other Negro is liable to say any thing. Also Henry staying there with Davis so they lied like a dog. Thomas Young & Curtis told I said I was going to kill Mr. Davis. I never told nether one that. Henry eating from Mr. Davis table he had better tell a lie on me for Mr. Davis if he new (knew) what was best. Even the law questioned Archard Waller Birk Fitzearlds the boy driving the truck. They diten lie. The law come an got my mother and wife an carried them to Chatham. Kept them up there in the night it wouldnt have surprised me if they hadnt told a lie on me threw (through) fear of the law. Thank God they diten tell a lie.

The Good Book says a lie is the worst thing a person can tell so I no lies was told on me. They no they lied and God no they lied so in the great day God will say you fellows liked on Odell Waller so I appreciate every effert (effort) the people put forth to try to save me. It is a none (known) fact man is the ruler over earth but God is the ruler of all. Man can say Odell you must die at a certen (certain) time then God can call man an say you must die.

Refering to my carictor (character) when I started to violate the laws of the land I was farming working part time day an night trying to make something. During the year I bought a car. One time the end of the year I diten have any thing to pay for it with the man was going to take it back. I wanted to keep the car. I diten believe in robin (robbing) and steeling so I bought 2 gallons of whiskey from a fellow & gave him $5.00 for it. I sold that at 50 or 60c per pint took that money and bought some more. When I sold that I made a little payment on the car. I kept on bying an selling paying on cars. That got me that rep (reputation). As the avage (average) boy do I wanted to ride fast. I was pulled my permit took. I waited the time out and went to the motor vehicle man for another permit. He told me I would have to put up a $10,000 bond before I could get another permit. Where were I going to git the money Rob a Bank. I wasnt thinking of nothing like that so I drove some without a permit. I was caught for that. One Sunday I put a razor in my parket (pocket) to carry it to a friends house to have it sharpened. I got on a car with some more boys and we went by to see a boy had been in a fight that Saturday night. Me an some more boys was out there in the yard cutting some fire wood for the sick man during the time Mr. Hubard Bailey & another officer drove up to the house with the boy who cut the sick boy. When Mr. Baley got out of the car I thought about the razor I had in my parket. It was an old car sitting at the wood pile. I droped (dropped) the razor in it. The other officer saw me. He said get that gun that fellow put in the car. I rached over an grabed the razor out of the car an out run Mr. Baley. Several weeks after that I was at Chatham to a tent shoe (show). Mr. Baley had told the town law when they caught me up there to lock me up so they did. When I was runing across the field I passed a briar patch and thrue the razor in it. Mr. Baley couldnt catch me an he went back an got the razor. My father was at the trial and told them it was his razor an why I had it. They gave it back to father all right. When I was tried Mr. Joseph Whitehead commonwealth attorney called Mr. Bailey county officer to testifie against me. This is the last man should lie. Here is what he said Odell Waller was a bootleger that was true. Odell been caught reckless driving an after his permit had been taken caught carry a razor he is a dangous boy. The judge said what about him dangerous. With the best respects to Mr. Baley here is where he lied. Odell threten him with gravels from my feet running. All of that to make it hard on me all I could do was set there an take it. You take big people as the president governors judge their children will never have to suffer. They has plenty money. Born in a mention (mansion) nothing to never wory about. I am glad some people ar that luck.

The penitentiary all over the Unitel States are full of people ho (who) was pore tried to work and have something couldnt dos (do) that maid them steel an rob. Look at that fellow here he wanted a bicycle his people was to pore to buy him one. To get a bicycle he kills a man wife an dauter to get the money. Look at the Lees bug (Leesburg) case those fellows killed that lawyer an took his car. They were looking for money they were. While they are in prison for life thats what happens to the poor people. I wont say any more.

(signed) ODELL WALLER.

FEDERATION

Westerlo, N. Y.

TO the Editors: My reaction to the first editorial in THE COMMONWEAL of July 3, 1942, was to agree heartily with everything said except for one major premise. Surely being under the control of the USSR is not the

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same as belonging to a federation of nations. Surely again, the essence of a federation is that while each member state is under the control of the federation as a whole, it is not under the control of any other member state.

ANNA W. PERKINS, M.D.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: The new peace, when it comes, will have to be based upon a principle. The Congress of Vienna, which followed the wars of Napoleon, made a peace based upon the principle of legitimacy, and, uninspiring as such a principle appears to us of today, so weary was the world of fighting that it served, and the peace lasted for a hundred years.

The middle ages found a valid principle in religion; the French Encyclopedists, whose writings ushered in the Revolution, found one in humanity; Jefferson and Lincoln in democracy; Marx and Lenin in collectivism; Fichte and Hegel in the state. If Hitler writes the peace it will be based on race.

What is the principle having the widest appeal in the world of today? Beyond all reasonable doubt it is nationalism. Thousands who have lost their faith in religion and the promises it offers of a better life beyond the grave are yet willing to die for the flag of their country. This is strange when one remembers that at the close of the eighteenth century, when the modern world was emerging out of feudalism, men's eyes seemed to be turned in the direction of internationalism. It was during the succeeding century that the modern nations attained their maturity and with it the conviction that each was the guardian of a peculiar treasure alone capable of bringing peace and security to mankind. No doubt there is such a thing as a national culture capable in conjunction with others of contributing to the well-being of all, but this is not what is meant by the term nationalism, which insists upon an absolute sovereignty in each of its units. To fortify this it became necessary to arm, and so the previously-existing international anarchy became highly dangerous, leading to numerous wars and finally to the world struggle of 1914-18, which was concluded by a peace embodying the same ideal.

Is the present war to be concluded in the same fashion? Each of the states overrun by Germany is clamoring for the restoration of its full sovereignty and independence—will it be content with anything short of this? Only in the event that some world-wide scheme of federation, embracing large and small states alike, can be devised. The League of Nations failed not only because it lacked a police force to carry out its will, but because it demanded an insufficient sacrifice of sovereignty from its members. The new peace should be made to rest upon federation as its political principle, nationalism in the cultural sphere, and security—meaning by that the welfare of the common man—as its social principle. That a millennium would follow upon the adoption of such a prescription is by no means suggested, but then we are not looking for a millennium just around the corner. Even Hitler expects a duration of only a thousand years for his régime in Germany.

J. K. PAULDING.

WHAT DEMOCRACY MEANT TO THE GREEKS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: What relation the well-springs of art may bear to the well-springs of government may not be too easily determinable. But surely it is much nearer the facts to say, as I assume Mr. Agard *did* say, in "What Democracy Meant to the Greeks," is that a common bond limits the perfection of the Parthenon with the relative perfection of Athenian political, civil, social life in the Age of Pericles than to say, as does this reviewer, Mr. E. P. Richardson, that art is a product of "the solitude of the individual spirit," whereas "democracy is a factor of our social nature."

For the conception of art as *individual skill* only betrays an emphasis which is modern, *not* propitious for art, and in so far as it implies, as it usually does imply, a breach between the individual artist and the life of which he is part, can make only for an inferior art without roots or universal significance.

It is not, I think, mere coincidence that Lincoln's Gettysburg Address in no small degree parallels in many ways Pericles' Funeral Oration as reported by Thucydides. Both breathe the dignity of man—and there can be no art matching man's dignity where that dignity is not enshrined in political and social mores.

Examine the public art of Germany. It breathes what? Brute power, mass, colossal strength. Grace, beauty, proportion, for these you will seek in vain. *Macht* alone awes the German spirit. At least the Prussian spirit.

Form it does not know—nor value. Its public statues must be ten times life-size. Its political aims must be world-wide. Pan-Germany! Geopolitics!

The madness of a people who abhor a limited, ordered, human world. Who cannot respect variety. Who cannot seek the real goods of life—but must destroy the real goods of life to prove themselves superior to their true superiors.

No. Art is a product both of individual skills—and of a view of life which is shared by artist and society.

Let that view be inhuman, its art will be inhuman. And ugly.

Is it conceivable that St. Gaudens should have made a super lifesize Sherman—à la Hindenberg? It is not. Sherman was a man leading men. Hindenberg was the incarnation of brute power. And so the German sculptor symbolized him. He conceived this in the solitude of his individual spirit. But his values came to him from his milieu. He did not invent them.

COMMONWEAL READER.

The Stage & Screen

This Is the Army

UNCLE SAM'S and Irving Berlin's joint effort, which opened on July 4 and which is for the benefit of Army Emergency Relief, comes as close to being a natural as any musical show can. The whole atmosphere

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surrounding the production is one guaranteed to end in box office success, even if the offering were far less pleasant than that which Mr. Berlin, ably seconded by Sergeant Ezra Stone, has presented to the public. Perhaps Sergeant Stone deserves even more praise than the indefatigable Mr. Berlin, for the most winning thing about "This Is the Army" is a swift and sustained tempo, which succeeds admirably in keeping the audience in an Oliver Twist mood until the final curtain. As wise an ingredient as any in the Stone recipe is what seems to be a rule against encores—for which strongmindedness audiences should be —if they are not—properly grateful.

"This Is the Army" is essentially a variety show, not burdened with any silly claptrap to serve as unnecessary plot. The only element of unity is very simple—the repetition of what is certainly its catchiest tune, "I Left My Heart at the Stage Door Canteen," several times throughout the show. And this simple device is quite enough. Naturally under such circumstances one is tempted to try to pick out which of the numbers one liked best, and it is a tribute to Uncle Sam's production that it is extremely difficult to make any selection. It is equally difficult to single out the performance of any of the actors. Certainly Corporal Nelson Barclift did some amazing things in his dancing (especially his female dancing, his take-off of Zorina). Private Julie Oshins in his strip-tease act, although not particularly reminiscent of Gypsy Rose Lee whom he is supposed to imitate, adds touches of his own which bring down the house. But the real praise should go to the three hundred-odd soldier members of the cast, most of them without Broadway experience—and yet thoroughly professional.

Perhaps the most satisfactory aspect of the whole business, from an intellectual point of view, is the absence of chest-thumping and ham patriotism. From the first brief pep talk, in which the cast is urged in mock heroic style to do its best against the enemy—i.e., the audience—to the kidding number "Aryans Under the Skin"—we are confronted with no heroics whatever. These are soldiers giving a show, and giving it straight, as they might like it themselves—with no ulterior motives. And, incredible as it may seem, at least one of the advertisers in the program has adopted the same spirit. I reproduce the copy textually, and urge it to the attention of all prospective morale builders by the face powder route. "GERMAINE MONTEIL LIPSTICK. It won't build morale. *That's built of sterner stuff.* It won't help a fighting man. *His courage is his own.* It won't help preserve our way of life. *We've got to work and fight for that.* All Monteil's fine lipstick will do is to make you look prettier. If it's Victory you want—and that's what we *all* want—BETTER BUY BONDS!" (*At the Broadway.*)

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

Eagles Soar; Lions Roar

I WISH the characters in Walter Wanger's *"Eagle Squadron"* could meet the characters in "Mrs. Miniver" and "This above All." They'd have a very lively time. Because the main hero of "Eagle Squadron" isn't too fond of the English. He thinks their reserve and understatement and calmness in all emergencies are just a series of tableaux for a new 'Journey's End." The film tries to relate how this young American flies with the British and learns the reason for their reserve-understatement-calm. I'm not quite sure how he becomes convinced, except that in fighting with the English chappies he probably realizes that only the English poets know how to express emotion and the plain stout fellas have learned that getting excited over war and death doesn't help, so they just have a spot of tea—'and be sure it's hot." Anyway the plot is the least important thing in "Eagle Squadron." What you will remember is the excellent photography, the beautiful flying scenes and the tense excitement as all these handsome young fellows man their planes, go about their dangerous duties, return to report their success or failure—or don't return at all. The film opens with a commentary, written and recited in a dramatic fashion by Quentin Reynolds, which introduces some of the real members of the Eagle Squadron. Director Arthur Lubin has difficulty in making the members of his starry cast (Robert Stack, Eddie Albert, John Loder, Leif Erickson, Jon Hall, Edgar Barrier) live up to the documentary realism of the prologue and the flying scenes.

But more than in most airplane films, you have a feeling in "Eagle Squadron" that you yourself are in the plane, making the dangerous flight, popping the Jerries, returning to report. All air movies seem to need a girl and some semblance of a love story. This one has its heroine in the WAAF, so she's legitimately hanging around the boys. The mysterious stuff about her father who joined up because he was an MP who voted against England's arming is the most unnecessary clap-trap. Diana Barrymore, in her first film, plays the girl with mild conviction. No doubt she'll improve if she stays before the cameras; at times she looks surprisingly like her illustrious Aunt Ethel. Robert Stack is fresh, clean, handsome as the American with the bad manners. I wish the script hadn't demanded that he be so rude, crudely Yankee, obviously stupid and gauche. Most of the other characters are pretty vague. In fact, the script falls short in most respects. But when he concentrates on planes, Wanger gives us some thrilling cinema about them and the eagles who fly 'em.

Movies can be fun if you don't take them or yourself too seriously. There's the new "Tarzan" for instance. Put yourself in the right mood and you'll have a swell time as you watch Tarzan and Jane and Boy living their lackadaisical, every-day lives high up on their private escarpment in Africa. Life is so serene—except for lions and savages and such. Our friends' kitchen-saving devices, with the help of Cheetah, the chimpanzee, and their other domestic arrangements are wonderful to behold. But, comes civilization in an airplane. And a wicked circusman with an eye to business carries off Boy. Tarzan, Jane and Cheetah follow; and there occurs what will be known to posterity as *"Tarzan's New York Adventure."* "We are going into places where men's minds are more tangled than the jungle's underbrush," explains Jane to Tarzan. "We must have clothes because we're going to

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New York." Fitting broad-shouldered, swimming-muscled Tarzan into a suit is child's play compared with Jane's trying to explain why men live and work and crowd themselves into tiny New York. But Tarzan finds the city a jungle of stone. And his search for Boy (which is much too easy) soon has him swinging from the tops of skyscrapers, diving off the Brooklyn Bridge and finally discarding some of the cumbersome clothes that were made with such effort. The finale finds Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan and John Sheffield safely back among the lions and crocodiles really none the worse for that exciting brush with civilization. Cheetah learned a thing or two about courts and judges which he teaches to the elephants—all of which Richard Thorpe must have enjoyed directing.

"Beyond the Blue Horizon" reverses the pattern and starts in the United States where Dorothy Lamour comes to claim a couple of million bucks. You never know exactly why she wants this fortune—unless it's to buy a new set of sarongs. In any case, she meets up with a handsome, blond lion tamer (Richard Denning) who wears a leopard skin and who has the nerve to call her a fake when she speaks of her pet tiger with whom she used to swim back home. So a safari treks back to Dottie's native swimming hole to prove she's the heiress. Besides Sarong and Leopard Skin, and miscellaneous natives who later try to kill the whole group, you have Walter Abel, Helen Gilbert and Jack Haley (just as if more comedy relief were needed) trekking like fury into the impenetrable jungle to find the buried papers. Sure enough the tiger does swim with Lamour; and sure enough Lamour sings. After the natives run away, our fivesome is left to fend for itself. They meet their worst enemy in the blue elephant who is batty and just hates people. Alfred Santell directed this gawdy little technicolor item. The animals are swell and give some entertaining performances—but they're not very well supported.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Eloquent Brevity

With Love for France. Helen Mackay. Scribner. $2.00.

THIS MODEST VOLUME of 140 pages is more eloquent than dozens of other books dealing with the fall of France. Its disarming quality acts like a balm on wounds which are too painful to be talked about. That France can be the object of such love and understanding from an American renews one's faith in a country capable of inspiring such devotion.

The book is completely void of political discussion. Mrs. Mackay shows us people only. She knows where they have been hurt the most. She communes with their indescribable suffering, their bottomless sadness, their utter distress and grim resolution so unlike, in expression and significance, what has been frequently described. No drama, no literary effects. A remarkable achievement: an almost wordless book. Often Mrs. Mackay turns to the simple form of prayer. For nothing else seems adequate except to address one's self to God: "Funny how

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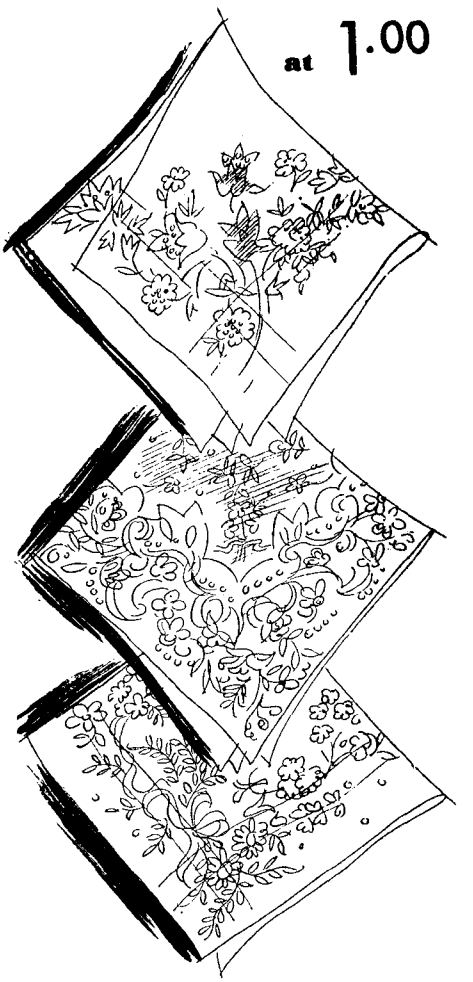

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things one wants to say, when it is all too terrible, come to be prayer."

There is the sudden vacuum created by the mobilization, a kind of desolation unknown in America, all the men gone at once, overnight, within the hour. "What was left at Poligny was on the road, before the church, old people, women and children . . . The baker was gone . . . the miller was gone . . . eleven horses to be got across, enormous all of them, fierce black stallions, and she was very small . . ."

There is the tragedy of the peasant overrun by successive armies: "Your own, your allies, your enemies—they sweep across and across, and their track is bare . . . France was the world's battlefield just once too often."

There are the "completely helpless wounded of the other war . . . To have no arm is worse than to be blind . . . The men who could never stand . . . The men who were bundles . . . for whom nothing of life was left . . . God, you won't let all that have been for nothing."

And the Zone, which through the years had become "a world of foreign tongues and faces, a peddling, begging, thieving world that demanded and menaced."

And there was the invader.

Such is the simple and poignant recitation of the Way of the Cross of a whole nation. Mrs. Mackay brings us in touch with things which cannot be known here, because not experienced. Though we are, in America, now treading the war's road, we are not ascending a Calvary as the French people did. With Mrs. Mackay's book, we are confronted with a Passion. Nothing was left out: neither physical suffering, betrayal, nor the rending cry: "Father, why hast Thou forsaken me?" The bitter cup emptied to the dregs.

Saint-Exupéry writes in his foreword: "Helen Mackay renders to my country an extraordinary homage." In so doing, Mrs. Mackay does honor to her own country, which gives birth to beings capable of such understanding.

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP.

BIOGRAPHY

John G. Johnson, Lawyer and Art Collector. Barnie F. Winkelman. Pennsylvania. $3.50.

ALTHOUGH the late John G. Johnson was born a blacksmith's son, his instinct for the niceties of trust law was quite fine. At 28 he was appointed Chief Counsel of the Pennsylvania Company, which happened to be the corporate guardian of the tidiest fortunes of Rittenhouse Square. Later on Johnson turned into the first corporation lawyer of the country, yet he never missed the banquets of the Pennsylvania Company. While others downed champagne at the Pennsylvania's dinners, he sipped lemonade. Johnson, who feared none of the mighty men of industrial America, once cabled an impetuous financier regarding a subtle railroad combination: "Merger possible. Jail certain."

Winkelman's life of Johnson is probably the best biography ever written of an American lawyer. The tone of the volume is comfortable, suggesting an income of $25,000, but none of the anecdotes are unduly sober. The late Samuel Untermyer, shocked to learn that Johnson was charging Carnegie trifling fees, growled: "You are ruining the profession." "My paintings," Johnson reminded Untermyer, "are insured for five million."

Once, while arguing a momentous case for the Pennsylvania Railroad, Johnson kept the court waiting fifteen minutes until he heard the World Series results. But paintings were the attorney's deepest delight. Shunning the Dutch School, he observed: "They leave us where they find us; they never elevate. They deal with the material, often with the coarse and at times with the disgusting."

Nowhere is the writing ponderous, and it's a pleasure to follow the brilliance of Johnson's logic as he fought for Standard Oil, American Tobacco and U. S. Steel in the epochal anti-trust suits of the early twentieth century. The first two combines were shattered, but Johnson was not humiliated. He lived to save Steel from dissolution.

Johnson does not seem to have been overly impressed with himself. After saving Andrew Carnegie from a serious embarrassment, he asked only $10,000 for his fee. When pressed by the Scotch ironmaster, he murmured: "If you must do something for me, send me a really good razor of the finest steel."

WAYNE ANDREWS.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Capitalism Explained. Thomas E. Wiley. Catholic Literary Guild. $1.50.

ETHICS must be the headmaster of the social sciences, and it is good to see an economist who, while dealing with the mechanics of capitalism, is concerned to criticize the system in terms of moral philosophy. But the basis of a meaningful moral system is that men can know the real distinction between right and wrong, whether it be a single act or a process of related acts. In a complex series it may be that we must have a suspended judgment, but at least we cannot hold that a thing is essentially good and bad at the same time. Yet apparently Professor Wiley would have it so.

For three-fourths of his book he condemns the capitalistic method and philosophy. "Competition violates human nature"; "economic dictatorship characterizes . . . our twentieth century capitalism"; "the profit motive . . . debases human nature"; "capitalism is anarchy." Then in an amazing reversal of field he includes a long chapter which makes the pamphlets of the National Association of Manufacturers very modest documents indeed. "Capitalism is an economy that fosters and safeguards the institution of property"; "Capitalism serves as the handmaid of culture . . ."; "Capitalism, in protecting property, thus permits the family to enjoy its proper expression"; "The demand of the minority is safeguarded under capitalism." Capitalism gives us multiplicity of goods without parallel, brings the best men to the top, saves energy. Not only is it compatible with democracy but "the two go hand in hand and are mutually dependent . . ." And in a final burst of compassion Professor Wiley writes that a visitor who attended the congress for a Christian framework of our economy, held in Cleveland in 1939, would come away "distressed in soul that so many well meaning people in attendance at that Christian conclave would evince such ill feeling toward those placed high in the economic structure." Thus the Black Beast graduates *maxima cum laude* from the College of the Good Society.

Nor can the difficulty be cleared by making a distinction between historical capitalism and reformed capitalism. As Father Virgil Michel argued in THE COMMONWEAL some years ago, there is no such animal as reformed capitalism. Substitute the just price and the living wage for standards determined by the law of supply and demand, government regulation for free competition, and the service motive for the profit motive—and capitalism

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becomes a dead institution. Capitalism can be explained only in terms of what makes it distinctive from other economies. A cooperative economy, a system regulated by autonomous vocational groups might make use of all the techniques of capitalism—mass production, contracts, bookkeeping, wages, insurance—and yet they would remain essentially different structures because of their underlying philosophies. In view of the book's serious inconsistencies and the author's frequent reliance upon *ipse dixit,* it is difficult to see how it clarifies either economics or Christian social thought. EMERSON HYNES.

FICTION

Cornish Tales. Charles Lee. Dutton. $2.50.

RURAL England has been celebrated many times by England's poets and novelists; country humors and country types abound in the work of Shakespeare, Kipling and Hardy, not to mention Wordsworth and other great names. In his stories of Cornwall, Mr. Lee modestly asserts his claim to be of that company. Cornwall is that long, fabulous appendage to England's southwest coast which has been since Arthur's day a place of poetry and myth. As Mr. Lee see it, it is also a place of considerable humor.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has contributed a short preface to this collected edition and he half-deprecatingly explains a life-long fondness for these stories by the fact that he, too, is a Cornishman and recognizes a true touch in the delineation of his people. Yet the stories can stand up for themselves, apart from any regional charm; they belong to the literature of delight. Incomparably the best is "The Widow Woman" with its artful alternation of broad fooling and quick, real pathos. Next best is the group of sketches entitled "Our Little Town." The triumph of Mr. Lee's art is not in the humorous touches alone but in the knack he has for drawing memorable characters, solid as stone yet lifelike and graceful too. Such remarks as the following have their Dickensian flavor: ". . . that most comfortable of all natural sounds, the grunting of a well-fed pig!" or, "I've invested in liabilities like a gentleman and gone through the Insolvency Court without a stain on my credit."

One drawback may present itself. The conversation is dialect and so spelled; it must be read aurally to get its full flavor. But any reader who can go along with Stevenson or Scott, or for that matter the Irish writers, will have no trouble with the soft lilt of Cornish speech.

J. G. E. HOPKINS.

HISTORY

American Taxation. Sidney Ratner. Norton. $4.50.

I FIRST ran across the work of Mr. Ratner in 1935. In the *Political Science Quarterly* of that year, he wrote an article which definitively established the fact that Grant "packed" the Supreme Court in order to reverse a decision in respect of greenbacks. Since then Mr. Ratner has written many things but this is his first book.

I want to say, at once, that it is the definitive work in its field. It has taken many years to write. It is the product of careful research. It is the work of an honest and first class mind. Its importance is to be judged by the fact Mr. Ratner sees in our methods of taxation not only sources of revenue, but "instruments of economic justice and social welfare."

He is acutely aware that Marshall's famous dictum,

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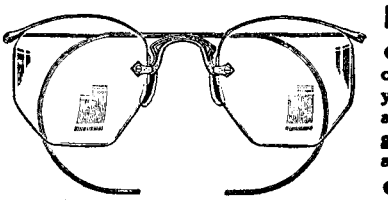

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"the power to tax is the power to destroy," was rhetorical fanfare, whose cadence set feet marching when it was better to stop and think. Mr. Ratner is aware, that is to say, of the fact that the power to tax is the power to govern. And that, though most men live by catch words, they manage and control who write our tax laws. But there must be a power to tax. Mr. Ratner, here, is especially concerned, however, with the purposes of taxation. The current social and economic problem being the distribution of wealth, Mr. Ratner's thesis is, in brief, this: that taxes, especially income and estate taxes, be made more productive in order that economic inequalities be reduced. I do not see how the thesis can be quarreled with.

To reach this conclusion he has given us a history of American taxation since the days when John Adams noted in his diary that the British passed the Stamp Tax to ruin his career. From that day the lives of individuals and of classes have been shaped and molded by our tax laws. A history of these laws, of the motives of their proponents and opponents, of their effects on ways of living and on power, is the heart of Mr. Ratner's book.

Of necessity he gives over a large proportion of his work to our income taxes. He has written an extended and detailed study of the origin and passage of the Income Tax Law of 1894. Equally extended is his study of the opposition to the Sixteenth Amendment. It is clear that the witticism about writing the songs of the nation is an amiable idiocy.

Equally detailed is Mr. Ratner's study of New Deal taxation, purposes and methods, and of the changes made necessary by war. He advocates, as I have said, drastic changes in our estate and income tax laws. He believes that the war should not be used as an excuse to shelve domestic reforms, but that continuing domestic reforms will provide the belief and the incentive for victory, and guarantees of a more humane society.

There are a great many new things here set down for us; odd bits of history that testify to harrowing research. A cogent mind is here, alert and vigorous, subjecting decisions to brilliant and incisive analysis that is often new and always provocative. For those whom history has not taught that political power attends economic power, here is the book.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

Paul Revere and the World He Lived in. Esther Forbes. Houghton. $3.75.

THIS history book may safely be recommended to those who dislike history. Such people will read it, or at least a good deal of it. Probably the book is longer than necessary. Admittedly, it incorporates some colloquial expressions, with the thought no doubt of imparting zest to the material. Some incomplete sentences are scattered through the pages, to give the reader the assurance that he is reading the work of a modern writer. Although Miss Forbes is well known as a novelist, this book is not a novel. Neither is it a serious historical treatment of Paul Revere. Not enough source material on that individual has been preserved to serve as the basis of a straight historical treatment. Hence many colonial figures appear in its pages, making it actually a history of the time of Paul Revere, as well as a biography of that capable and enterprising American.

Many none too well known practices of the period are described in the book. The celebration of Guy Fawkes Day and of the Gunpowder Plot is a case in point. To precisely what extent this celebration indicated an anti-Catholic bias in Boston, for example, is not made clear. It may have been celebrated primarily because of the opportunity it gave for rowdyism. It surely was not celebrated because of any attachment upon the part of the colonials to Parliament.

Frequently a brief summarization of a situation is devastatingly accurate. Such, for example, is the reference to the Americans killed at Lexington by the British troops, on April 19, 1775. Miss Forbes writes: "When only eight men have been killed, each one is a tragedy, and ten wounded men are heroes—although ten thousand may be primarily a sanitation problem." Many pages of very pertinent notes testify to the patient and thorough research upon which the volume is based. An ample bibliography and an exhaustive index increase the value of the book. It deserves wide popularity.

PAUL KINIERY.

POETRY

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1938-1942. *Edited by Alan F. Pater. Paebar.* $10.00.

TEN DOLLARS is a lot to pay for a book, but for many this volume will probably be worth it. More remarkable poems might have been included in its 692 pages (Jeffers, Fearing, Marianne Moore, Mayo and Eliot are among the omitted) but the book does contain much competent work and such fine poems as Starrett's "Visitation," Spencer's "A Kind of Truth," Ferril's "Harper's Ferry," Moll's "Foxes," Father Thomas Feeney's "The Lonely Man," Tufts's "Under the Stairs of Heaven" and Archibald Fleming's "The Ghost of the Clerk."

The book could do with more adult mind poems, more wit, less standard "poetic" stuff, fewer simples studies of the simple light on the simple farmer's barn. The book is somewhat lacking in moral intensity and in creative flame: i.e., there is too much smug preaching and too much prose. On the other hand, there is little of the actually phony, of such out and out bad as "I Remember the Block Party" and the jargon titled "Apocrypha."

TOM BOGGS.

BRIEFERS

The Priest Who Vanished. Will W. Whalen. Catholic Literary Guild. $1.50.

CATHOLIC fiction, which has never been too strong in this country, hits a new low with the publication of this pseudo-detective story. Its one virtue, aside from an orthodox concern for salvation, is a certain Gallic verve which often develops into verbosity, disjointedness and lack of plausibility. Its touches of humor and geniality, where not forced, get lost in the general confusion.

Men Without Country. Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Atlantic-Little. $1.50.

TWO SUPERB story-tellers briefly move the reader with their account of five escaped convicts from French Guiana, who risked death in order to go to fight for their country, under whose laws they had been incarcerated and had suffered every indignity. Through a series of circumstances they are able to reach England and join the Free French—not all of them for very long, since war claims its toll. The authors' own service in the Lafayette Escadrille gives a warming and nostalgic quality to their description of a modern Free French bomber squadron operating from southern England.

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The Inner Forum

SOME people say that modern art is so bad that the fact we do not like it proves our sanity. Others say that specialists are required to distinguish what is good and what is bad. Father M. A. Couturier once wrote in this magazine that he considered one of the most dangerous signs in our Catholic life was our separation from the living art of our times. Jacques Maritain has devoted constant efforts for years toward bridging this gulf. *Liturgical Arts* has furnished its readers with much excellent material. But THE COMMONWEAL cannot afford to publish pictures, Maritain's books do not have the circulation of a daily newspaper, *Liturgical Arts* is not the *Daily News*. The fact is that the average Catholic layman does not see enough good modern art to form an opinion. He reads about it; he does not see it.

This was not always the situation. Nor does one have to go back to the middle ages to find a time when living art was available to the man in the street. The great French lithographer Honoré Daumier, whose prints now sell for hundreds of dollars, first issued them in *Charivari*, a semi-political journal of wide circulation. And now across the seas, and despite the submarines, this week there have reached our office from London copies of the *Catholic Herald*, perhaps the most widely considered and the most stimulating of Catholic English newspapers. On three columns of the front page stands—more magnificent than if it were in a museum—one of the greatest portrayals of Our Lord ever drawn by the great modern French painter Georges Rouault. In another issue a Greco—for living art lives through the centuries—is there for a man to look at on his way to work. And in a third the editor prints a "pietà" of the middle ages: Our Lady holding the dead Savior and both figures crude, distorted and intensely moving. And then he asks: "Are these pictures irreverent?" They are not and neither is the Greco or the Rouault. Nor is it irreverent to print them on newsprint. If the fine example furnished by the London *Catholic Herald* were to be followed by every diocesan paper in this country, Catholics would no longer be arguing about art sight unseen.

CONTRIBUTORS

J. L. BENVENISTI is an English author and economist, who writes for many periodicals and has published half a dozen books, including "The Absent-Minded Revolution."

Marion LINEAWEAVER is a New Jersey poet, whose work has appeared in *The Christian Science Monitor, The New Yorker, This Week.*

Heinz SOFFNER is an Austrian now lecturing and writing in the US. In his native country he was active in work for the office workers unions. Later, in Paris, he was secretary general of the Federation of Austrian Emigrants and a member of the League of Nations committee for refugees.

Bruce BROWN has just finished a course in aviation mechanics and is waiting to join the armed forces. He has written for such magazines as *Tomorrow, Natural History* and *Hygeia*, as well as short stories.

Claire Huchet BISHOP is a native of France married to an American musician; she has written a number of successful children's books.

Wayne ANDREWS is the author of a recent volume on the Vanderbilt family.

Emerson HYNES is teaching at St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn.

J. G. E. HOPKINS is a poet, critic and writer of short stories.

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Paul KINIERY is assistant dean of the Graduate School, Loyola University, Chicago.

Tom BOGGS holds some sort of a record for compiling anthologies and is himself a poet.

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